

March 4th. 1896.

My Dearest Alice, <sup>Morning,</sup>

My fingers are  
so cold I can scarcely  
make them write. On  
my table lies a letter I wish  
you had might waiting to  
be mailed, but as I have  
just read yours of Sunday  
evening with a plea for more  
Oak Park letters, I am just  
going to drop you a line  
before I go out to mail them.

My Dear, although I forgot  
that it was Sunday that

your boys were to be secured  
yet I must acknowledge  
that I feel your spirit  
near me all the morning.  
Weiner does not seem, so far  
to, I have had a quieting  
effect upon our loss, &  
is just as strong as ever and  
I sometimes think stronger  
for it seems to me I lose  
you infinitely more than  
I did the 19th of September.

Did you ever think how  
much influence on both  
our loss that poem "By  
the fireside" by Browning  
has had. I read it many

years ago and made up my mind  
then that if God ever sent the right  
one, I would not try and tell him,  
in the usual way girls do, nor give  
him one moment's uncertainty and pain  
but would give him my love and my-  
self as freely as the sunshine gives warmth,  
and that, instantly - I am so  
glad I knew the time brought, when  
he came, for I scorn the thought of a  
man desiring a woman repeatedly  
- to marry him, what is love worth, gained



by tormenting. There is no  
free gift about it.

Claire, ask my father  
George to write to me, he  
is the only one who has not  
I am writing Grace and Alfred  
letters but shall have the  
pleasure of writing them, later  
on, today. Reminded George  
how much I think of him  
and tell him to go over  
and borrow any of my  
books that he likes. I know  
they are safe in his keeping.

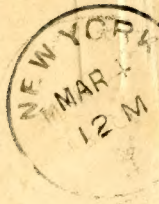
Now good morning, Love,  
and God bless all your  
dear ones. Give my love  
to the dear mother -

95 Your own faithful  
Grace



95

From G.C.T.  
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